

# THE EXAMINER.

"PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOLUME II.

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Facts and Reflections for the Consideration  
of the Thoughtful.—No. XI.

The manufacturers, products, &c. of Massachusetts, compared with those of South Carolina. Observations and reflections.

In the preceding numbers it has been shown pretty conclusively, I think, that the free States are far in advance of the slave States in productive energy, and in nearly all the elements of national wealth. This good Commonwealth of Kentucky, however, abounds in those who betray much doubt and skepticism in relation to all facts and arguments that can be adduced which may seem to militate against the "peculiar institution." So hidebound are these gentlemen with prejudice, and they will pass me off as ignorant, also, on this old subject of slavery, that they stumble not at embracing the grossest errors, in fact, the most glaring absurdities in logic, the most contradictory maxims and principles in politics, in morality and in religion, if so be they may thereby ward off a conclusion unfavorable to their idol institution. Now, it is not to be expected that persons so well fortified as they are, or conceive themselves to be, will ground their arms without a struggle. "A little more grape" seems to be absolutely necessary to convince them of their weakness, and to put their minds in a condition suitable for making the humiliating surrender. We have any quantity of the article on hand, and "a little more grape" you shall have, gentlemen. We will renew our fire in the direction of the quarters of that illustrious one, our old friend, Gen. Quattlebaum.

Sp. Ms.  
South Carolina has an acre of 5,200,000  
Massachusetts has an acre of 7,500,000  
It is hoped that the reader will bear these facts in mind while he looks over the following statements. I find in the Annual Report of the Commissioner of Patents, for the year 1845, the following:

*General Abstract of the value, &c., of manufacturers and agricultural produce, manufactured and produced in the State of Massachusetts during the year ending April, 1845.*

Ancors, chain cables, &c.	\$538,966
Axes, hatches, and other edge tools,	94,441
Beef, C. S. Slaughtered,	225,915
Beeves,	10,200
Berries,	16,422
Bleaching ore-coloring,	2,165,000
Blocks and pumps,	17,349
Boats,	82,943
Bouts and sines,	14,799,140
Boxes of all kinds,	215,105
Brass articles,	331,991
Bricks,	612,932
Briarias ware,	102,550
Broomes and brush,	86,111
Brooms,	15,200
Breeding or coloring,	1,116,700
Blocks and pumps,	56,080
Boats,	25,290
Bouts and sines,	4,700
Boxes of all kinds,	3,613,796
Candles, spern and oil,	836,156
Cannon,	82,000
Cards,	323,845
Carpets,	834,324
Carts, railied carriages, and other vehicles,	1,343,167
Chairs and cabinet ware,	1,476,679
Chesse,	399,174
Chemical preparations,	391,965
Chocolate,	81,672
Coal, mineral, and iron ore,	54,974
Cooperage,	194,965
Cotton,	209,935
Cotton goods of all kinds,	96,381
Dyeing,	12,193,449
Earthern and stone wares,	98,706
Engines, fire,	52,025
Engines and boilers, steam,	37,800
Fire arms,	205,545
Fishery, smoket and cod,	260,519
Fishery, whale,	1,484,371
Fir, pine and other grain,	665
Firage and tassels,	174,805
Fruit,	54,342
Gins, cotton,	744,409
Glass,	45,441
Glue,	753,569
Gum,	387,575
Hatred caps,	2,224,229
Hay,	734,942
Hollow ware & castings, other than iron,	5,214,357
Hose,	1,280,141
Hoppe,	13,206
Hosery and yarn,	32,351
Instruments, mathematical, &c., iron, pig,	54,095
Iron railings, fences and safes,	148,751
Jewelry, chronometers, watches &c., last,	129,300
Latches and door handles,	305,622
Lad pipe, and lead manufactures,	80,145
Lace, white, and paints,	3,200
Lime,	90,880
Linen thread,	356,260
Linsen oil,	3,896,657
Locks,	43,629
Lumber and shingles,	181,100
Machinery,	221,106
Maple sugar,	2,023,648
Milk,	41,443
Musical instruments,	230,004
Oil—(See candles and fishery.)	304,917
Paper,	8,476
Pens, steel,	548,625
Ploughs and agricultural tools,	219,990
Potatoes,	1,750,873
Poultry and eggs,	131,661
Powder,	1,300,040
Saddled and silt iron, and nails, saddle, harness, and trunks,	25,891
Sash, blinds, and doors,	165,500
Shoe pegs,	2,738,285
Sheaves, spades, forks and hoes,	422,794
Silk, raw,	79,980
Sewing,	180,181
Soup, tobacco, and cigars,	113,935
Spatch,	4,721
Starch, building,	15,206
Straw bonnets and hats,	275,700
Tea, refined,	393
Tickets and brads,	150,477
Teasles,	324,639
Tea-ware,	3,308
Tabacco, ools, mechanics,	793,634
Therapeutics,	16,636
Vegetables, other than potatoes,	10,899
Wax,	354,560
Wood (fire), bark, and charcoal,	515,000
Wood war-	1,172
Wooden goods of all kinds,	115
Ornated goods,	1
Brass, beer, books and stationery, belles-les-mâches, brocantes, paper-hangings, towels, lace, &c., &c.,	1
and mairies,	1

Total value of the manufacturers, products, &c., of S. Carolina for the year ending April, 1845, the sum of \$124,735,264.

Total value of the manufacturers, products, &c., of S. Carolina, for the same year, \$3,086,705.

And a balance in favor of the little Bay State, of the handsome sum of \$71,613,499.

And in the meantime let it be borne in mind that the area of Massachusetts is not one third as large as that of South Carolina, and that the soil of the former is so sterile and unproductive, by nature, that the greater part of her territory would be a barren and uninhabited waste if inundated within the precincts of the latter.

A few observations and reflections will condense what we have to say at this time.

The above result ought forever to explode the idea so prevalent in Kentucky, and in the slave States generally, that a rich soil is a necessary prerequisite to a rich country. Indeed, this idea was long since regarded as "obsolete" in New England.

Again, the great variety of articles manufactured and produced in Massachusetts, is a good illustration of the wonderful versatility of the Yankee intellect. The reader will, I have no doubt, be surprised to see from how many sources the intelligent and enterprising freemen of the North derive their wealth. Intelligence, freedom and variety on the one hand, and slavery, ignorance and senneness on the other, are the order of this our world.

While the ignorance, indolence, and slavery of the South tread on in the old, narrow, and beaten paths of passed ages, and apart from the lights of science and experience, and scorn the ingenuity of the yankee—the thinking mind, and the enterprising spirit of the North walk with joy and delight every day of science, every light of experience, every invention of genius, and hasten to make a subversion to the increase of national power, and to the production of independence, comfort, and happiness.

A word or two more and we have the population of Massachusetts estimated at about 805,000.

gross amount per capita, estimated at about 600,000.

gross amount per capita, estimated at







## LITERARY EXAMINER.

### The Happiest Time.

When are we happiest?—when the light of morn wakes the young roses from their crimson rest; when cheerful sounds from the fresh winds borne, till man resumes his toil with blither zest, while the bright waters leap from rock to glem. Are we the happiest then?

Alla, those roses!—they will fade away, And thunder tempests will deform the sky; And summer heat bid the spring buds decay; And the clear sparkling fountain may be dry; And nothing beauteous may adorn the scene, To tell what it has been.

When are we happiest?—in the crowded hall, When Fortune smiles, and flatters bend the knee? How soon—how very soon—such pleasures pall! How fast must falsehood's rainbow-coloring flee?

Its poison-flowers leave the sting of care— We are not happy then!

We are not happiest when the evening breath Is circled with its crown of living flowers? When goath round the taugh of harmless myth, And when Afection from her bright turn shewers.

Her newest pain on the dilating heart, Bliss, is it there thou art?

Oh, no, not there; it would be happiness, Almost like heaven's; if it might always be Those brows without one shading of distress, And wanting nothing but eternity; But they are things of earth, and pass away— They must—they must die!

Those voices must grow tremulous with years, Those smiling brows must wear a tinge of gloom, Those sparkling eyes be quenched in bitter tears, And at the last, close darkly in the tomb, If happiness depend on them alone,

How quickly is it gone!

When are we happiest, then?—oh! when resigned To who else our cup of life may bring; When we can know ourselves but weak and blind.

Creatures of earth, and trust alone in Him Who giveth in His mercy joy or pain.

Oh, we are happiest then!

### A Geological Excursion.

Vincent omnia nimis—Ovar., hammer—Hoos.

Time has been called the test of truth, and some old verities have made him test enough. Scores of ancient authorities have exploded like Rupert's drops, by a blow upon their tales; but at the same time he has bleached many black-looking stories into white ones, and turned some tremendous bouncers into what the French call accomplished facts. Look at the Megatherium or Mastodon, which a century ago even credulity would have scouted, and now we have Mantell-pieces of their bones! The leadstring fiction which Mrs. Malaprop treated as a mere allegory on the banks of the Nile, is now the *Iguanodon*! To venture a prophecy, there are more such prodigies to come true. Suppose it a fine morning, Anno Domini 2000; and the royal geologists, with Von Hammer at their head—pioneers, excavators, borers, trappers, grey-wackers, carbonari, field-sparers, and what not, are marching to have a grand field-day in Tilgate Forest. A good cover has been marked out for a find. Well! to work they go; hammer and tongs, mallets and three-means, beelies, banging, splitting, digging, shoveling; sighing like paviors, blasting like miners, puffing like a smith's bellows, hot as his forge—dusty as millers—muddy as eels—what with sandstone and gritstone, and pudding-stone, blue clay and brown, marl and bog-earth—now unsexonizing a perfumed bachelor's button—now a stone tom-tit—now a marble gooseberry bush—now a hump of Barcelona nuts geologicalized into two pen'orth of marbles—now a couple of Kentish cherries, all stone, turned into Scotch pebbles—and now a fossil red herring with a bad row of flint. But these are geological bagatelles! We want the organic remains of one of Ogg's bulls, or Gog's hogs—that is, the *Mastodon*—or Magog's pet lizard, that's the *Iguanodon*—or Polyphemus's elephant, that's the *Megatherium*. So in they go again, with a crash like Thor's Scandinavian hammer, and a touch of the earthquake, and lo! another and greater Bonapart to exhume! Huzzah! shouts Field-sparer, who will spae with any one and give him a stone. Hold on, cries one—let go, shouts another—here he comes, says a third—he don't, says a fourth. Where's his head?—where's his mouth?—where's his caudal? What fatiguing work it is only to look at him, he's so prodigious! There, there now, does it? Just hoist a bit—a little, a little more! Pray, pray, pray take care of his lumbar processes, they're very friable. Never you fear, zur—if he be friable, I'll eat him! Bravo!—there's his cranium—is that brain, I wonder, or mud? No, 'tis conglomeration. Now for the cervical vertebrae. Stop,—somebody hold his jaw. That's your sort! there's his scapula. Now then, dig boys, dig, dig into his ribs. Work away lads—you shall have oceans of strong beer, and mountains of bread and cheese, when you've got him out. We can't be above a hundred yards from his tail—Huzzah! there's his *femur*! I wish I could shout from here to London. There's his *tarsus*! Work away, my good fellow—never give up; we shall all go down to posterity. It's the first—the first—the first nobody knows what—that's been discovered in the world. Here, lend me a spade, and I'll help. So, I'll tell you what, we're all Columbines, every man Jack of us! but I can't dig—it breaks my back. Never mind, there he is—and his tail with a broad arrow at the end! It's a *Hylocoelosaurus*? but no, that scapula's a wing—by Saint George, it's a flying dragon. Huzzah! shouts Boniface, the landlord of the village inn that has the St. George and the Dragon as sign.—Huzzah! echoes every Knight of the Garter. Huzzah! cries each schoolboy who has read the Seven Champions. Huzzah! huzzah! roars the illustrator of Schiller's *Hampstead Drachen*. Huzzah! huzzah! choruses the descendants of Moor of Moor Hall! The legends are all true, then! Not a bit of it! cries a stony-hearted Professor of fossil oecology—Look at the teeth, they're all molars! he's a *Mylodon*! That creature ate neither sheep, nor oxen, nor children, nor tender virgins, nor hoary pilgrims, nor even geese and turkeys—he lived on—What? what? what? they all exclaim.—Why, on raw potatoes and undressed salads, to be sure!—Thomas Hood.

### Wise of Time.

The proverbial oracles of our purimonic ancestors have informed us that the fatal waste of fortune is by small expenses, by the profusion of sum too little singly to alarm our caution, and which we never suffer ourselves to consider together. Of the same kind is prodigality of life; he that hopes to look back hereafter with satisfaction upon past years, must learn to know the present value of single minutes, and endeavor to let no particle of time fall useless to the ground. An Italian philosopher expressed in his motto that time was his estate; an estate, indeed, that will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labors of industry, and satisfy the most extensive desires, if part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence, to be overrun by noxious plants, or laid out for show rather than for use.—Johnson.

### English Travellers in the Mediterranean.

First of all (to give precedence to our countrymen) there is the class of rich yacht-travelers, who journey in large cutters and schooners, with enormous quantities of luggage, fat men-servants, pretty nursery-maids, and chubby children. Their yachts are armament as full of materials for a voyage as Noah's Ark. They travel partly to escape *envy*, and partly because it is proper to do so. They bring hosts of introductions to unfortunate ambassadors, and condemn everything that does not resemble what they saw in England. They live in the most expensive hotels, which, however, they look down upon. They receive you in the most splendid style of luxury, but apologize for it, and remind you that they are not in London now. If they encounter a foul wind, they run into the nearest port. They go mechanically to see antiquities, but are too dignified to be enthusiastic. They patronize the Pantheon, and say that it's a pity it's in such a ruinous condition. They smile approvingly on the fuses Cluses in the gallery of the Bourbon Museum, at Naples, and think it proper to look very solemn at the Holt Sepulchre in Jerusalem. In short, though they should travel a thousand miles, they are never out of England—a characteristic of very many travelers of all ranks. They look at nature through an opera glass. Sometimes they write large books of travels, in which they try to be very finius in describing storms. They quote—

*aut nubes,  
condit lumen, neque certa fulget,  
Sidera inuita.*

and remark how singular it is, that these phenomena are the same now as when Horace wrote! They take care also, to tell you in their quatrains what they had for dinner, and how much they enjoyed the company of Lord X, the Marquis of Y, and Baron Z. Besides these, there is the retired tradesmen class, who, all the time they are abroad, are not only virtuous in England, but in a shop, or a villa near London. When they meet you at a *table d'hôte*, they express their joy to see an Englishman once more, as if they were in the Desert of Sahara. They grumble at the bills and the bed-rooms, and think, 'that, after all, there's no place like home.' They live in the closest, most densely-furnished rooms they can get, which they say, 'are the good old comfortable English style.' They order up huge tea-pots of tea, at the same hour as they did when at Clapham, on system, but take a little brandy in it, just because they're abroad! They walk up Vesuvius—the father with a cotton umbrella, the mother in patterns. The son John (whom they have great difficulty in keeping in order) goes about the town to see if there's no place like Evans', where he can have a lark. On their return to England, they only remember that it was very hot abroad. I must not forget the pedagogical class of travelers. The pedagogue carries a set of school books on the crupper of his horse, as Sterne said of Addison. He wanders about Athens with a pair of spectacles and a copy of *Pausanias*, quotes Homer at dinner at the Hotel, and is going to start to-morrow for Thermopyla, to see if any local investigation will throw a light on an obscure passage in Herodotus that has troubled him a long time. And then there is the aspiring young architect, who walks through the ruins of the ancient world, armed with a measuring-tape, and judges of sublimity by inches. You ask him what he thought of a certain temple, and he tells you the diameter and circumference of its columns. But of the soul, or spiritual meaning of such structure—the motive that animated its builders, or the idea which was its archetype,—of these he knows no more than the lizards that play about its ruins. How different from all these the philosophical wanderer that, every now and then, it is you, lot, in happy hour, to meet! How different the man who walks through the world in a spirit of catholic sympathy with all around him, anxious to learn, ready to communicate, open to every impulse—but only on the study of the good and the admiration of the beautiful.—*Biscuits and Groceries*.

### The Lesson of Love.

To know how to live requires perpetual genius—for life is the highest of all arts.—Only no one believes this, because he fancies he knows how to live, as every one fancies he knows how to love, when he looks deep into the eyes of a beautiful maiden. Alas! love also is an art; but it consists not in raptures and enthusiasm; it is not to wander in the moonlight, to listen to the song of the nightingale, to kneel before the beloved, to languish and pine for her kiss. No: this is the art of love: to preserve its fire, its divine treasure; to carry about its riches through life as if in pure gold; to spend it for him alone, to whom the heart is devoted; to be always ready to sympathize, to smile, to weep, to assist, to counsel, to encourage, to alleviate; in short, to live with the beloved as he lives, and thus, by virtue of an indwelling heavenly power, to preserve invariably a heavenward direction. And this art is the highest, tenderest love. He who possesses it, knows what love is. The greater part of men can sacrifice hours, and days, and wealth; but to bear and to suffer patiently for years; never to consider one's own life and well-being; to pine away gradually; to suffer death in the heart, and yet to hasten to the arms of the beloved as soon as they are again opened to us, and then to be happy—yes, blest, as if nothing had been amiss, as if no time had elapsed between that moment, and the first embrace; all this love can do.—*The Artist's Married Life*.

### The Scholar's Life.

What various is the scholar's life assai, Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the gaol. Crabbe, first an apothecary's apprentice, and then an author by profession, and staying as both in the streets of London, had Goldsmith's fate continually before him.—He quitted, as Goldsmith did, the moratorium for the muse—and with no more profit for a very long time. Indeed, while sympathizing with suffering sinners, toiling in the gutter for a bare existence—those 'Dunciad days' of poor Goldsmith, as Mr. Forster has happily called them—the memorable lines of the starving Butler forcibly recur to us:

It is not poetry that makes men poor,

For few do write that were not so before;

But being for all other trade unfit,

Only I avoid being idle set up wit.

Goldsmith was the surgeon and tutor before he became the author by compulsion; Johnson was a schoolmaster at Edial river Lichfield before he came to London to follow literature; and the late Mr. Southey, the most striking example in our days of an author by profession, was a poet as much from necessity as from choice. That poets dream in suffering what they teach; 'tis song, is still too true: yet to deduce from that old fact the moral that the poet should still be kept poor to make him sing, were as absurd as it would be to follow fat Dr. Cheyne's advice, and put out the eyes of nightingales to make their notes both richer and louder.

[Atheneum.]

### The Model Laborer.

He supports a large family upon the smallest wages. He works from twelve to fourteen hours a day. He rises early to dig in what he calls his garden. He prefers his fireside to the ale-house, and has only one pipe when he gets home, and then to bed. He attends church regularly, with a clean smock-frock and face on Sundays, and waits outside, when service is over, to pull his hair to his landlord, or, in his absence, pays the same reverence to the steward.—Beer and he are perfect strangers, rarely meeting, except at Christmas or harvest time; and as for spirits, he only knows them, like meat, by name. He does not care for skittles. He never loses a day's work by attending political meetings. Newspapers do not make him discontented, for the simple reason that he cannot read. He believes strongly in the fact of his belonging to the 'Finest Peasantry.' He sends his children to school somehow, and gives them the best books and education he can. He attributes all blights, bad seasons, failures, losses, and accidents, to the repeal of the Corn Laws.—He won't look at a hare, and imagines, in his respect for rabbits, that Jack Sheppard was a poacher. He whitewashes his cottage once a year. He is punctual with his rent, and somehow, by some rare secret best known by his wages, he is never ill. He looks upon the world as a paradise, and thinks it's a pity it's in such a ruined condition.

They smile approvingly on the fines Cluses in the gallery of the Bourbon Museum, at Naples, and think it proper to

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